



Ticket Offices
City Office 428
Broadway.
DEPOTS:
4th & Norton Sts.
and
Union Station

Departs.

Ev. Paducah 7:45 am
Ar. Jackson 12:30 pm
Ar. Nashville 1:30 pm
Ar. Memphis 3:30 pm
Ar. Hickman 1:35 pm
Ar. Chattanooga 9:27 pm

Ev. Paducah 2:10 pm
Ar. Nashville 8:55 pm
Ar. Memphis 8:40 pm
Ar. Hickman 8:35 pm
Ar. Chattanooga 2:44 am
Ar. Jackson 7:35 pm
Ar. Atlanta 7:10 am

Ev. Paducah 6:00 pm
Ar. Murray 7:32 pm
Ar. Paris 9:15 pm

Arrivals.

Arrives 1:25 p. m. from Nashville, Memphis and all Southern points.
Arrives 8:15 p. m. from Nashville, Memphis and all Southern points.
7:50 a. m. train connects at Hol-low Rock Jet. with chair car and Buffet Broler for Memphis.
2:10 p. m. train connects at Hol-low Rock Jet. with chair car and Buffet Broler for Nashville.

F. L. Weiland, City Ticket Agent,
430 Broadway.
E. B. Burnham, Agent, Fifth and Norton Sts.
R. M. Prather, Agent Union Depot.

L. C. TIME TABLE.

Corrected to November 14th, 1909.
Arrive Paducah.

Louisville, Cincinnati, east. 2:52 am
Louisville 4:15 pm
Louisville, Cincinnati, east. 6:10 pm
M'phis, N. Orleans, south. 1:28 pm
M'phis, N. Orleans, south. 11:20 am
Mayfield and Fulton 7:40 am
Cairo, Fulton, Mayfield 8:00 pm
Princeton and E'ville 6:10 pm
Princeton and E'ville 4:15 pm
Princeton and Hop'ville 9:00 am
Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago. 7:35 am
Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago. 8:00 pm
Met'ls, Car'dale, St. L. 11:00 am
Met'ls, Car'dale, St. L. 3:35 pm

Leaves Paducah.

Louisville, Cincinnati, east. 1:53 am
Louisville 7:50 am
Louisville, Cincinnati, east. 11:25 am
Memphis, N. Orleans south. 3:57 am
Memphis, N. Orleans south. 6:15 pm
Mayfield and Fulton 4:20 pm
Cairo, Fulton, Mayfield 6:30 am
Princeton and E'ville 1:33 am
Princeton and E'ville 11:25 am
Princeton and Hop'ville 3:40 pm
Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago. 9:10 am
Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago. 6:20 pm
Met'ls, Car'dale, St. L. 9:40 am
Met'ls, Car'dale, St. L. 4:20 pm

J. T. DONOVAN, Agt.
City Office.
R. M. PRATHER, Agt.
Union Depot.

ST. LOUIS AND TENNESSEE

RIVER PACKET COMPANY
(Incorporated.)
EXCURSION TO TENNESSEE
RIVER.

Steamer Clyde, every Wednesday at 5 p. m.
Steamer Kentucky, every Saturday at 5 p. m.
Only \$5.00 for the round trip of five days. Visit the Military National park at Pittsburg Landing.
For any other information apply to the PADUCAH WHARFBOAT CO. agents, JAMES KOGER, Supt.

EDGAR W. WHITEMORE
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AGENCY



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REAL ESTATE PRICE LIST
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FRATERNITY BLDG.
PADUCAH, KY.

**KILL THE COUGH
AND CURE THE LUNGS**
WITH DR. KING'S
NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY
OR MONEY REFUNDED.

THE FOURTH ESTATE

Novelized by
FREDERICK R. TOOMBS

From the Great Play
of the Same Name by
Joseph Medill Patter-
son and Harriet Ford.

Copyright, 1909, by Joseph Medill
Patterson and Harriet Ford.

Continued From Last Issue.
CHAPTER XIII.

BRAND, busily engaged in writ-
ing the caption for the cut
that was to reveal Bartelmy
in his true light, was inter-
rupted once more—this time by the en-
trance of the greenish-faced face of the
poet reporter, Powell.

"You sent for me, sir?" asked the
new scribe.
"So you've covered a suicide?" said
Brand.

"Powwow's" eyes rolled wildly. He
clasped his hands and his knees shook
in his horror at what he had learned.
"Oh, yes—a terrible sight! I shall
draw a-a-n of it, sir! It would take a
Dante to write of it. Oh, I—"
"What was this girl's name?" asked
Brand in matter of fact tones.

"Madeline."
"Madeline what?"
"Her last name," the poet asked
dazedly. "I guess I don't remember.
Oh, yes, it was Jenks—Madeline
Jenks!" He spoke feverishly.

Brand picked up the poet's first
newspaper story and began to read it.
In spite of the high pressure of events
that night in the Advance office, in
spite of his ever present fear that Bar-
telmy and Dupuy might in some way
permeate Nolan to order the sensational
bribery story killed, this many-sided
young man found the time to bother
with the fantastic young poet reporter
and his fantastic first article.

"Madeline Jenks, eh?" commented
Brand, turning over the pages. "Well,
the first place you mention her name is
on page 3."

He plucked off the first two pages
and threw them on the floor. Powell
winced painfully at the massacre of his
first reportorial offspring. "Begin
here," said Brand. Powell lunged
downward to rescue his first two
pages, but Brand kicked them away
from him. "Where'd she live?" he
next asked.

Powell clasped his hands and gazed
plaintively at the ceiling.
"Over a chop suey cafe, sir."

"Number and street?"

"Two forty-three and a half West
Pearl street."

Brand threw away two more pages,
Powell watching him anxiously the
while.

"Put that next. Here, Madeline
Jenks," Brand began to write, "an in-
mate of 243 1/2 West Pearl street. What
did she do?"

"She destroyed herself utterly!" the
new reporter wailed.

Brand went on writing.
"Is she dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shot and killed herself—when?"

"Tonight at 9 o'clock."

Brand wrote on.

"Last night at 9 o'clock. Why?"

Powell answered very intensely:
"Oh, she could no longer face the
ghostliness of her existence. She knew
she—"

"She was weary of life in the
streets."

"I don't blame her," Brand com-
mented to himself. He turned to
Powell. "There's your story. Thirty
words—you had 3,000. And remember
the story of the creation was told in
600 words."

Powell picked up the pages of his
story which Brand had discarded and
walked dejectedly away.

"Mac," Brand ordered, "here's a
dance hall suicide. Put it with local
brevities, will you?"

Had Brand at this moment been able
to see through the wall that separated
the composing room from the hall he
would have witnessed a sight that
would have deprived him of some of
the self-possession that marked his
present demeanor. A figure clad in an
elaborate evening gown crept softly
up the stairway, stood irresolutely at
the landing and then turned into the
managing editor's office. Judith Bar-
telmy probably never looked more
beautiful in her life than she did that
night. A flush of excitement enhanced
the soft allurements of her exquisite
features, and the low-cut neck of her
sleeveless gown completed a picture
of feminine loveliness that, innocently
enough on her part, was admirably
adapted to the purpose Judge Bartelmy
had in his unprincipled mind when he
sent her to the Advance office. "You
are my only hope," he had told her
after Dupuy had at first failed to lo-
cate Nolan. "You must go and plead
with Wheeler Brand or else I am
ruined. Your father will be ruined ab-
solutely." At the sight of her father's
emotion and yielding to the fervent
pleadings of her only living parent

she had willingly consented to under-
take the mission. Unpleasant though
she knew it would be, she believed it
her duty to stand by in his hour of
dire need the father whom she loved,
the father whom she did not know.
As she entered the office and paused
in conjecture as to just how she would
proceed she heard footsteps hurriedly
ascending the stairs, and, withdrawing
into a shadow in a corner, she saw
Michael Nolan and Mrs. Nolan cross
the hall and disappear into the com-
posing room.
"Thank heaven!" she murmured fer-
vently. "They will stop this story,
which father says is a horrible lie."
Wheeler Brand will never forget—



"Remember the story of the creation was
told in 600 words."

has said so from the depths of
his soul—the shock that went through
him when he saw Nolan, accompanied
by his wife, making their way toward
him on that memorable night.

McHenry was speaking when they
entered.
"There is your first page, Brand," he
was saying, "and it sends Bartelmy to
state prison."

The managing editor gazed approv-
ingly at the appearance of the page of
type and the cut in the form as it lay
exposed on one of the stones under a
shaded electric light. He looked up
to congratulate McHenry on the man-
ner in which he had completed the
makeup of the page when his jaw sud-
denly fell. His eyes took on an amazed
stare. He was looking straight over
the night editor's shoulder.

McHenry caught Brand's expression and whirled
about. Then he, too, saw the owner
of the Advance and his wife draw
near. The triumphant air with which
the wife and mother sailed along by his
side boded no good to Brand and his
story.

Nolan paused in front of the form
without looking at the contents at
first.

"Wheeler," he said kindly, "I've been
notified about this story, and I think

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MODERN HAIR DRESSING.

has played havoc with the tresses of
the fair sex, and druggists every-
where comment on the fact that they
are selling large quantities of sage
for making the old-fashioned "sage
tea," such as was used by our
grandmothers for promoting the
growth of their hair and restor-
ing its natural color. The demand
for this well-known herb for this
purpose has been so great that one
manufacturer has taken advantage
of the fact, and has placed on the
market an ideal "sage tea," contain-
ing sulphur, a valuable remedy for
dandruff and scalp rashes and irri-
tations. This preparation, which is
called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, is
sold by all leading druggists for 50
cents and \$1.00 a bottle, or will be
sent direct by the Wyeth Chemical
Company, 74 Cortlandt St., New
York City, upon receipt of price.

For sale and recommended by W.
J. Gilbert.

other people have a right to our op-
inions, too, and I don't see why you
and your family should be made to
suffer on account of him as we have
had to ever since you took him up."

Judith Bartelmy heard the stormy
scene, lived a part of it herself offend-
ing in the managing editor's office.
She felt that Nolan would not let the
story be used from what she had
heard, and she could not suppress a
pang of pain that pierced her heart at
what she believed to be the fanat-
ical vindictiveness of Wheeler Brand
against her father. Yet she was a
true woman, and she could not, in
spite of her loyalty to her parent,
avoid feeling a touch of pride at his
strength of character, his determina-
tion, at the sacrifices he had made, to
accomplish what he believed, even if
foolishly, to be his duty.

"They don't need me," she finally
muttered, and, gathering up her costly
skirts, she tripped daintily across the
paper strewn floor, out into the hall
and down to her carriage.

Nolan dropped his head in thought
when his wife had finished her tirade.
He paced up and down nervously.
He looked at the clock, then at the
form with its accusing contents, then
at Brand, then at his wife.

"I'll go and telephone Judge Bar-
telmy," put in Dupuy. "He'll be anx-
ious."

The lawyer took himself off.
Brand saw the danger of delay. He
doubted if any man would be able to
successfully withstand the pressure
that Bartelmy and Nolan's family
would be able to bring to bear on the
owner in another twenty-four hours.

"No, no," he exclaimed to Nolan.
"You would fail me again. I have
tried to prove this judge's guilt to the
people, but I fear I have only succeed-
ed in proving it to his daughter. A
day's delay would be fatal. I know.
At least Bartelmy could get another
judge to issue an injunction against
us even if he would not dare to do
it himself. And there are other steps
he might take."

His voice rose higher, and he worked
himself into a frenzy of earnestness.
He stood before the little group gath-
ered around the ink black form and
continued his impassioned words:

"You know I thought we were going
to be absolutely untroubled here. You
were a free man. Poverty couldn't
frighten you, and you had seen both
sides of life. You promised to back
me up, no matter what it cost, so long
as we printed the truth, but at the
first big test you fail me."

Mrs. Nolan was on the point of be-
coming hysterical in her agitation.
"Michael, Michael!" she began.

"There, mother, you go home with
Sylvester. He's waiting outside for
you. After all, this is a man's job
we've got here. I am the head of the
family, and I will settle this matter
in my own way," he said sternly.

"You must not attempt further to in-
terfere."

He led her out of the room.
Brand spoke to McHenry.

"Did you hear, Mac?" he asked. "He
won't decide to run it."

"It's tough, old man—it's tough!"
"This is such a live thing I don't
see how I can kill it," the managing
editor said, rubbing his hand over the
face of the form.

"That's the best first page ever made
up in America," said McHenry, with
justifiable professional pride.

Brand was inconsolable.
"I've been working ten years for
just this thing," he said, "something
so plain that even children would see
what the big thieves are doing."

"You go home!" Brand suddenly or-
dered McHenry.

"What?" was the surprised exclaima-
tion.

"I said go home!"
Brand's face was beginning to twitch
nervously. He stood in the middle of
the composing room, under the flood-
ing white glare from a sixty-four can-
dle power electric light, and clinched
and unclenched his hands, not daring
to look McHenry squarely in the face.
The night editor began to guess what
was passing through Brand's mind.

"Yes, but," he began to protest—
"but"—

Brand cut him short, saying agitat-
edly:
"I am still managing editor."

McHenry now realized plainly that
the intensely earnest Brand had decid-
ed to run the story that very night re-
gardless of Nolan's attitude. It would
be an easy matter, as Nolan, of course,
would not remain at the office much
longer. And McHenry well knew that
such an act would not only bring about
Brand's discharge from the Advance,
but that it would as well injure his
reputation in other newspaper offices,
where obedience to one's superior, as
in any well regulated organization, is
a man's first duty under all circum-
stances.

"Why, man," he exclaimed question-
ingly, "you're surely not going to run
this story?"

Before Brand could give an answer
to this last question, even if he had in-
tended to do so, Nolan broke in on the
pair.

"Mr. Nolan," began Brand, "you

have heard the whole story of this
miserable affair, both sides of it—Bar-
telmy's and my own, from our own
lips. Whatever defense or explanation
Bartelmy gave you I don't know. But,
so far as I am concerned, I told you
the facts and the truth. You must be-
lieve it. Therefore why do you or
how in heaven's name can you hesi-
tate?"

Michael Nolan's face shone with the
light of determination.

"Wheeler, my boy," he said, "I have
learned much from you. I have needed
contact with such a man as you. I
have led a rough life for most of my
career. When I rose to be chairman
of the Street Railway Workers' union
I did so simply through my rugged-
ness of character, my ability to master
men. Then I was driven out into the
world, an outcast, and became a day
laborer in the mines. When the day
came that I owned my own mine it
was again a case of fight, fight, FIGHT,
for the lawless claim jumpers threat-
ened me above ground, and the law-
less floods assailed me below ground.

So in the life I led I did not get the
opportunity to study or even become
familiar with the important questions
and the problems that confront the
men that guide the policy of newspa-
pers."

Nolan drew close to Brand and
placed his hand affectionately on the
young editor's shoulder.

"But you, Wheeler—you have taught
me much about those big issues that I
did not know, and you have shown to
me the high ideals that should guide
the newspaper writer, the newspaper
editor and the newspaper owner as
well. You are right in this case." His
voice rose to majestic heights. "Wheeler
Brand, I have learned from you that
the Advance is more than a newspa-
per. It is a great, throbbing, potential
force. It is the strong arm of the
Right standing against the evil arm of
the Wrong. So we must not falter.
We must not delay. Show the big
thieves up, Wheeler. Let the story go
to press."

Nolan turned quickly away and has-
tened out and down into the street.

A warm glow of enthusiasm spread
over the face of Wheeler Brand as he
picked up a bundle of proofs.

"We'll show them up!" he cried ex-
ultantly. "We'll show them up, and
we'll put them down!"

(Continued in Next Issue.)

He Knew Them.

Collector Loeb, at a dinner in New
York, praised a certain customs in-
spector.

"His success," said Collector Loeb,
"is due to his knowledge of human
nature. He is like a boy I used to
know in Albany."

"This boy got vaccinated on the
right arm, and the doctor gave him a
red 'I've been vaccinated' ribbon to
wear on his coat sleeve. But the lad
proceeded to tie the ribbon on his left
arm."

"Why," said the doctor, "you are
putting the ribbon on the wrong arm."
"No," said the urchin, "you don't
know the boys at our school!"—
Providence Journal.

MILD WASH CURES ECZEMA.

Ordinary oil of wintergreen mixed
with thymol, lycerine and other in-
gredients, is known to cure skin dis-
eases. This prescription, known as
D. D. D. prescription can now be ob-
tained on a special offer in a 25c
bottle.

That a permanent cure can be ef-
fected by the first bottle we cannot
guarantee. But ten years of experi-
ence have shown us that every suffer-
er gets instant relief from the
itch; you will feel soothed and re-
freshed at once.

Call at our store and we shall be
glad to tell you more about this
standard eczema cure. Be sure to
ask for the right name: D. D. D.
Prescription.

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and put on new ones on short
notice. No roof troubles we
can't remedy. Only exclusive
business of the kind in city.

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Roofing Mfg. Co.**
Old Phone 1218-A.

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Pittsburgh Coal Co.
Office 904 South Third St.
Phones No. 3.

ARE YOU WISE?

Mr. Gaston Pool, of Murray, Ky.,
who was recently appointed Senate
Stenographer for the State of Ken-
tucky, is a graduate of

Paducah Central Business College

He studied GREGG SHORTHAND only
two months.

Mr. Ira Byerley, the present Deputy
Internal Revenue Collector, of this
city, is also a commercial graduate of

Paducah Central Business College